

# BANNER OF PROGRESS.

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## LITERARY.

For the Banner of Progress.  
**A Dream of Heaven.**  
BY CORA WILBURN.

I dreamed or saw a vision of the state  
Of wedded bliss in heaven. An angel-mate  
Welcomed his soul love to the vestal shrine  
Of consecrated harmony divine,  
That, "neath the shadow of a mighty throne,  
(Whose steps, by thoughts of ages overgrown,  
Led to Ascension's cloudless light sublime,  
Past earthly use of sorrow and of time,  
Uprose from holy ground. And all things fair,  
Once dream and aspiration, circled there,  
The diamond shafts of Parity,  
Clasping the azure, star-gemmed canopy,  
Pulsated with the life of Melody.

And there appeared a vast and glorious throng  
Of love-crowned angels, that with summer-song  
Cast flowery welcome at her feet, who came,  
Claiming the promise of her angel-name,  
The century's fulfillment—all that youth  
And love foreshadowed as eternal Truth.

All the dim fancies of the vague Ideal,  
Embodied in the Beautiful and Real,  
Redeemed the gracious prophecies of yore,  
Given in life's spring-time on earth's trial-shore.  
The love immortal, changeless, passionless,  
Imbued with Wisdom's mystic sacredness,  
Is theirs forever. The twin-angels glide  
In Aspiration's fervor, side by side,  
Over ascending paths of harmony,  
Through endless cycles of Eternity.

Rockland, Maine, Sept. 19th, 1867.

**ISADORE,**  
THE BEAUTIFUL BRAZILIAN BRIDE.  
BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

[CONCLUDED.]

I have been, and returned. I followed my conductress once more through those somber aisles, with a feeling of dismay I could not shake off; for my good Jeannette was left behind. Ghostly forms glided to and fro in all directions. Their feet must have been muffled; for they woke no echoes, while the dim tapers they carried only gave light enough to project their sharp shadows on the massive walls. I could just see their harsh and hooded outlines as they seemed to spring out of the horrible darkness for a moment, then plunge into it again and disappear. There was only enough sound to make the silence more intolerable and frightful. Yet we went on, winding, turning, and doubling on our track, until it seemed as if I should sink to the ground with every step. And much I wondered, as I went, that, when God has made the world so full of beautiful and joyful things, men should choose to live so—or to keep others so—far away from everything that is pleasant and healthful.

I was blinded by the blaze of light into which they brought me, and for some minutes I was sick and faint. The Abbess was seated on a kind of throne or state chair, with two monks on each side. There was a pile of huge, old volumes, and several strange and suspicious-looking things that may be—I think they are—instruments of torture.

But the instant I laid eyes on the Abbess something about her seemed to revive old memories. Strangely enough, I thought of my mother. Pardon me, sweet Maum! Can it be there is a resemblance?

I did not fear her in the least, as I had expected to do; but instinctively I fell at her feet. She raised me up. She looked in my face. She appeared bewildered; and, as a criminal, forgot to reprove me. Her face is a remarkable one. There is a kind of volcanic illumination about it, when I see much that is noble and good. It seems to have burnt out, leaving only the ruins of its former beauty. One thing is certain, she has more human feeling than she is free to exercise. She loves ease, indulgence, good eating and drinking. She seems unfit for her place. She wants the governing faculty. She has grown imbecile, and those sharp-faced monks have usurped her prerogative. The worst of them is Father Larrasy. He was very uneasy while the Abbess was regarding me, as she did for some time, with an interest that seemed, in some way, to respond to that which I felt for her. She became lost in thought, murmuring to herself in broken sentences: "Always one face—only one. Why do I still see it? Years have gone—long, long years! She is gone. All is gone!"

Then she came back to a thought of the prisoner, murmuring: "Poor child! poor child! What shall be done with her?"

Then, brought still further round by the impatient look and attitude of the monks, she spoke of the deceit and wickedness of the world, urging that we should live only to mortify the senses, to subdue the appetites, to crucify the vanities of life. And in bringing up one round, fat hand, to clasp the other, she jarred the bundle of keys that hung at her side; and the key of the larder and the key of the wine-cellar rang together with a rather sharp commentary on her worshipful text.

I felt the malignant eye of the priest; and on looking up I met a flash, at once so keen and so cruel that I recoiled from the glance with a shudder. The teeth gnashed together. The thin hands clutched hold of the thread-bare cloak, as if he feared that they should otherwise rend and tear. Altogether, he was ferocious as a tiger, and if he had been one, I could not have been more afraid of him. Throwing off all appearance of courtesy, he sprang forward and clenched me. I felt the blood starting beneath his grasp. He lifted me from the ground, and seemed about to dash me back again. But the Abbess interposed.

"The good Father Larrasy is forward in his zeal for Mother Church," she said. And though it was

in a bland tone of voice, I could perceive a latent irony, especially as she added: "And certainly the haste to punish sin betokens spotless purity in the punisher!"

The priest recoiled, and all his companions slunk back into the shade. The Abbess was now thoroughly awake both to her dignity and her power.

Rising, with one hand she clasped mine; and raising the other, with a gesture that had power in its very slowness of motion, she spoke only two words "Stand back!" And the terror-stricken priest, wholly unprepared for resistance, did as he was ordered, and slunk still further away.

Then turning to me, for I had again sunk on the ground, the Abbess said: "Rise, poor child! Whatever may have been thy crimes, thy person shall be safe from violence, at least in my presence; and such justice as I can command, thou shalt have."

And thus I was led away. What is this mysterious interest, this mysterious mercy? Jeannette tells me that this is no more than the true prerogative of the Abbess; but her power has long been reduced to a mere cypher, and the priests have had things all their own way. Will this be anything more than a momentary effort of spasmodic consciousness? She has grown impotent. Will she be so suddenly regenerated? I saw them scowling together, like so many demons. Will they not again easily overpower the weak woman, who has long been accustomed to yield to them? And then, O Holy Mother! what will become of me?

My faithful Jeannette has just returned from the Abbess. She has been watchful and quick to follow up our good fortune by her *chef d'œuvre* in the form of ices. The delicious cream blushed through its crystals like morning through a pile of purest vapor, and in a ruby-colored cup, with a bright, golden spoon, the delicious morsel was presented. But there was something beneath those sacerdotal robes truer than a thing of appetite. She took the glass, as if out of complaisance; then hastily giving it back she said: "No, now, good Jeannette! I perceive they have not spoken amiss of thee, or thy dreams; but now it would make me sick." And Jeannette affirms that when she said this, there were tears on her cheek.

JULY 8.—The Abbess has again been overawed. The priests have re-asserted her power. I am to have a hard and disgraceful penance. It is this: to pray two hours kneeling with my bare knees on a pavement of sharp flint-stones, then to walk fifteen times round the garden, bare-foot, and at the close of each circle to bow down and lick the ground with my tongue. They call me; I must go. Sweet Maum, dear Papa, my best friends and my Alonzo! I know your spirits, your loves, and your strengths, will all go with me.

JULY 9.—Chamber of the Abbess, Midnight.—All are at length reposing; but the great joy in my heart is too quick and restless for sleep. And thus I come to write. Now I must tell of the penance that has brought to me this wonderful change. The two hours of torture were slowly away; and when I arose, the flints were covered with blood. Was it because the Abbess was in her own oratory praying to Our Lady of Grace that I was preserved in this torture, so that no tear, no cry, escaped me? I did not know it then, but I thought of her; for I knew that she, too, must suffer; and then it seemed as if her face came before me, like a picture; and directly beside her came my sweet Maum, shining like an angel; and I wondered to see how like they were, the heavenly and the earthly. I forgot the physical torture; I forgot the still more cruel indignities that awaited me; and when they came to lead me out into the garden, I was surprised and pleased to see the Abbess there; and for the first time I perceived directly that she bore a strong likeness to my deceased parent.

For a few minutes after coming out I was very faint, and feeling all those hard, cruel eyes that were looking on me, I shook as with an ague. And then I grew calm; for my mother seemed to go before me, with her face shining like an angel. The Abbess preceded me, and a long train of monks and nuns followed, while the old organ groaned out a *Te Deum*! The gravel hurt my feet, for it was very sharp; but nerved by a strong will, after a little time I bore it better. And so the first circle was made.

Before stooping to the ground I said to the Abbess, who was near by: "Yes, I can do this also. Nothing is hard when the will is obedient. I submit, not as a convict doing penance for sin. I look at my divine Redeemer, and yield myself, as he yielded, to the force I cannot resist."

I was just stooping to the ground, when a familiar and frightful sound caught my ear. It was a rattling noise, followed by a sharp hiss; and the next moment a large serpent, that belonged to Father Larrasy, escaped from its cage, and throwing itself into coils at the feet of the Abbess, was just prepared to make the fatal spring, when I rushed forward to save her. Seizing a staff from the hands of an aged monk I laid the writhing monster dead at her feet. I cannot describe her gratitude, her almost frenzy of feeling. All her power came back. It overswept, overruled everything. No one dared oppose her. She was led to her chamber; and there, regardless of frowning monks and spiteful nuns, I also was conducted. And when the attendants were dismissed, she bowed herself on my neck—she would have knelt at my feet—and wept like a child. She strained me to her bosom with passionate embraces, weeping so I was really frightened. But she would not let me call any one.

"Let them flow," she said, after a while. "These happy tears are taking me away—back—how far back and away!—to the vineyards and olive gardens of Andalusia—to the dear old palace and my happy girlhood. It seems as if I were again there—young and sinless, with my beautiful sister still in my arms. Why do I always find her image—yet never before so perfectly as now; the same outline in the oval features; the same flowing waves of silken hair; the

same expression—almost the same eyes? In the name of Jesus and his holy angels, tell me, if you are Cecile Cadiza?"

She did not wait to hear that it was my mother's name, before she strained me to her breast, with such a burst of sobs, and prayers, and tears, as I never witnessed before.

I was completely bewildered; but I could not doubt the integrity of the scene itself. The deep, heart-searching tones, the earnest and affectionate manner, the loving mention of my mother, the mutual recognition of resemblance—all conspired to assure me that I had indeed found in the position of an enemy a near and loving friend. And thus, in this most desolate place, sweet affections are unsent and springing up as from living fountains.

Overwhelmed by the conflict I fell on my knees, and clasping those of the Abbess, gasped, rather than said: "Bless me, Mother! Bless thy sister's child!"

After this I knew nothing more till the good Jeannette, who had learnt all, was calling me back to life with her warm kisses.

Poor Jeannette was almost frantic. She laughed and wept by turns, and so did the Abbess. When it was far into the night, and everything was still around us, I awoke. The two loving watchers were close beside me. And it was so sweet to look into their dear faces and feel that once more I was among friends. It was all like a wonderful dream. I could not comprehend it. O, how sweet it was when we were all drawn together in one loving embrace, and I learned that Jeannette had given my whole history to my Aunt! She was highly indignant at many points, but especially that her authority should have been used as a cloak for so foul a conspiracy. She said there was no doubt that Father Larrasy and Madame Montresse had an understanding. But we are warned to be very quiet and careful. My relationship to the Abbess is kept a profound secret. Gratitude for the service done explains her forgiveness and desire to keep me near her person. Jeannette and myself have been removed to dormitories adjoining her own, and I am now employed as her seamstress, or at least I am reported as such. I also make designs for embroidery. This brought me back to my beloved art. I always thought I had some talent for heads; and to prove it, I have drawn my Alonzo—not from memory altogether, but from the serene form I find sitting by the inner gates of the soul. Now it smiles on me so lovingly, lovingly, out of the canvas. My Aunt says it is a grand-looking head, as if he were a born king. And is he not? O, my Alonzo! come back and tell me!

I have drawn many of the nuns and prisoners. They are so delighted with my heads. I have relinquished needle-work.

JULY 28.—This day, at matins, I observed a stranger. I could see only a small portion of the kneeling figure. When he rose, I could scarcely restrain a cry of joy, or refrain from rushing to his arms; for it was my dear old friend, the Padre. He also saw me, but with an impressive gesture of silence and secrecy he kept me back. It seemed hours before the summons came. And O, what a flood of joy rushed into that moment—the good Padre himself, Madame Millie, Alonzo, home! The good Father is looking rather worn; but O, how delighted he is; how pleased, too, with the Abbess and Jeannette! The whole world is suddenly suffused with rose-light. And now how joyfully I worship the Giver of Happiness!

Now Jeannette says she must have my papers a little while. It is a very strange request; but ah, dear one, I can deny you nothing. Take them; but be sure you bring them back to me.

Thus far she wrote; and the trusty messenger flew hither with the sweetest missive. What shall I say? I can only walk my chamber, and wait, and watch, and listen for the Padre. He has come. He has made application to the Brazilian Consul for the release of Isadore. Everything is arranged. She will be free to-morrow. And now—there is but one hour between me and my divinest joy! Yet she does not know that I am thus early to find her. Merciful God! What can I do to deserve so great happiness?

AT SEA, August 2.

Rejoice with me—with us! We are all here—the Abbess, Jeannette—nor have we left behind the good Lizette. Isadore is sleeping quietly in her state-room; and now I must tell you how I found her, for to your love nothing in this history will be without interest. I will give the scene as the Padre described it to me.

As soon as my arrival had been announced, the Abbess said to Theodosia: "We must not forget in all this happiness the more important duties of religion. I have arranged that you shall immediately confess, and, if necessary, do penance, my love."

There was something expressed by her manner totally different from what her words conveyed. Isadore was puzzled; but she merely said:

"Ah, well; that is right. That is very pleasant. Now the good Padre is here, how lovely will it be to take from him once more the Holy Bread."

"But it is not the Padre," returned her Aunt gravely, almost severely, "whom I have appointed to confess you."

"And why not?" persisted Isadore.

"I have my own private rooms. Do not question, but follow me," returned the Abbess, with a quiet smile to the Padre. "On my faith," she said, pausing for the girl to come up; "you lag behind as if there was a murder resting on your soul. But cheer thee, sweet one!" she added, as she drew the fair creature to her arms and kissed the pale cheek with more than even her wonted tenderness. "Take heart, my good child; for it will be no such ugly thing as that you will have to tell!"

A peculiar smile lit her features as she concluded. Still Isadore drew back till her Aunt rallied her again. "Do you think young ladies are to go on in this way, breaking hearts and turning heads with impunity, because they are young? No; you must

pay the penalty of your deeds. And so I say to you, Isadore Thordike, *You are a prisoner!*"

She raised, as she spoke, the curtain of Isadore's little studio. I heard no more; for the next moment the wondering, weeping girl had found locking arms and loving heart for ward and warder.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### AN EXAMINATION OF THE WRITINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Laying aside Jewish computation to find its way by its own uncertain light, we meet with many Egyptian documents—"tablets, papyrus, genealogical lists, public and private, together with an astounding mass of collateral and circumstantial evidence, which carry us upward through the XXIst, XXth, XIXth and XVIIIth dynasties, reign by reign, and monument by monument, to Ramses Ist (Ramses), whose epoch belongs to the 15th-16th century B. C."

Here seems to be a break in the regular line of succession, caused by something like anarchy, manifested in the so-called "Disk heresy," attended by several royal aspirants, headed by ATERNA-BAKHAN, or *Be-en-aten*; called by Lepsius Amenophis IVth.

"But upward from his father's reign, Amenoph III, every king is known, with many events of their respective reigns, through hieroglyphical sculptures and papyrus, back to the beginning of the XVIIIth Theban Dynasty, in the reign of AAHMES (Amosis) Ist, computed by Lepsius to be about the year 1671 B. C. At this point, which begins the Restoration, or New Empire, after the expulsion of the Hyksos, we lose the thread of annual chronology for times anterior to the 17th century B. C."

The race of shepherd kings seems to possess some share of obscurity. They are, however, supposed to occupy the XVIth and XVth dynasties, and according to Manetho their continuance lasted 511 years. Then again the XIVth dynasty is not quite free from cloudiness and doubt among the mutilated lists, "and the hieroglyphical records have not yet spoken intelligibly, although they are numerous." This period of uncertainty among the rulers of Egypt, or rather obscurity in the history thereof, is termed the Middle Empire, as standing between the Old and the Restoration, or the New Empire. This Middle Empire, then, is somewhat chaotic in its records, but enough is known to warrant the positive statement, that the XVIIIth dynasty belongs nowhere else but to the 17th century B. C. It is also clear that there can be shown to be "1500 years of positive monumental record behind this Middle Empire, by which all *Septuagint* computations of the Deluge, at B. C. 3246, or 3146, or 3155, encounter a *reductio ad absurdum*."

A better understanding of the matter is reached when we begin to question the representatives of the latest portion of the "Old Empire in the land of Kham, Ham, Chemmis, viz: the Sebakhets and Nephelhets of the XIIIth dynasty"; but at the XIIIth dynasty all is bright and clear, made so by the thorough investigations of the justly famed Lepsius in his researches into the *Genealogical Papyrus of Turin*. Bunsen furnishes the hieroglyphical names of some of these kings; but Manetho gives us, in addition to the names, the number of years each ruler reigned, in a tabulated form, too complex to insert here. He concludes by stating that the XIIIth dynasty ended about 2124 years B. C. To Mr. A. C. Harris are we indebted in a great measure for a knowledge of the XIIIth dynasty, which he says belonged to the Enuantes, including perhaps Ka-nub-Cheper. Authors seem to agree in the sentiment that but little can be said positively about the Xth, IXth, VIIIth and VIIth dynasty that can be made clearly intelligible without a very lengthy argument. The VIIth dynasty rests on a firm foundation, whose solidity cannot be questioned or disturbed by the most severe criticism known to science. The VIIth is also secure in its place, resting as it does on the *Turin Papyrus*. All its kings, with one exception, are duly accounted for by opening the tombs, by the Prussian Commission at Memphis. The grandest of all the dynasties that have yet been unfolded to the gaze of the *savant* or lover of science, is discovered in the IVth, which is said to surpass belief to such a have not examined the folio plates of Lepsius' *Denkmaler*, in which the petroglyphs of these three dynasties, earliest and greatest relics of antique humanity, are safely secured for posterity so long as the pyramids of Gizeh shall endure.

There is nothing to be gathered of monumental record when we reach back to the IIIrd dynasty, it being at a period anterior to the recording of events by the subsequent art of picture-writing and sculpture, which so extensively prevail through all after time, down to the epoch of national subjugation by the Roman Legions under Augustus Caesar, B. C. 30 years. The Romans held sway over Egypt for more than three centuries, with the exception of a short and doubtful period, when it was said to have been held by Zenobia, the queen of Palmyra.

Of the IIIrd dynasty there is absolutely a complete blank, as well as that of the Ist; the only evidence we have of their existence must be gleaned from the lofty condition to which art had arrived, and the extensive knowledge attained by the dwellers of the Nile, as manifested by the construction and ornamentation of *pyramids, sepulchers and hieroglyphical records* of the IVth dynasty, placed side by side with the broken catalogues of Manetho and Eratosthenes, and supported by Græco-Roman tradition.

"Menes, Egypt's first Pharaoh, is recorded, in hieroglyphics carved, during the 14th century B. C., at the Theban Museum, by Ramses Ist, as his earliest ancestor; and, in hieratic, on the *Turin Papyrus*, a document written in the 13th-14th century B. C., king Me Nai, of a firm life, is twice chronicled."

According to Lepsius, whose work is generally approved by scientists, and especially Egyptologists, who willingly adopt his views, Menes is supposed to have founded the earliest dynasty of the *Thinites*, about the year 3893 B. C. Lengthy as this period may seem to those unacquainted with the facts, it is yet believed to be within the just limit.

J. D. PIERSON.

### THEOLOGY—ITS DESTINY.

Vinet, in his "*Les Paradis Profanes de l'Occident*," Paris, 8vo, 1856, page 1, calls the new science, rising up beside Theology, "The Science of Religion." Is not this a good and proper explanation of the term "Spiritualism," the science or essence of all religions? No wonder that the old and decrepit despot, "Theology," arises in impotent wrath, and, shaking his frosty locks, attempts to demolish our new science by ministerial bulls and shafts of sarcasm; but it is not the fate of immortal truth to be thus conquered. At each encounter it gains new strength, and the doctrine of man's eternal progression, like the rose, is as fragrant and sweet, call it by any name you will. We are hardly aware, in this country, of the rapid strides free thought has been making on the continent of Europe during the past fifty years; or of the hard and rough shocks Theology has received. Education has been the potent power. The great majority of the Germans are free-thinkers, and the educated classes of the French are hardly behind them. Listen to what Alfred Maury, a great French writer, says in regard to Theology:

"Strange destiny, that of Theology! That of being condemned never to attach herself, except to systems which are already crumbling down; that of being, through her essence, the enemy of every new science, and to all progress. Yes; she foresaw that a day would come to dethrone her—this Theology, this sacerdotal science—when, during paganism, she sought to frighten humanity by the myth of Prometheus. She struggled to depict, with the colors of impiety, the man who was going to demand of nature its secrets and its laws; and she manacled him before-hand to a rock; but time, far from riveting the chain, has been unceasingly detaching it. The spread of man's discoveries, the importance of his victories, compel evermore the public conscience to admire, as a noble independence, as a courageous effort, that which Theology wished not to regard but as a haughty attempt, which the All-powerful had punished by ill fortunes and chastisements. We willingly approach now-a-days the tree of knowledge; and we no longer believe that it is Satan who presents us with its poisoned fruit."

W.

### Steady Progress of Spiritualism.

It is apparent that the principles of the Harmonical Philosophy, and Spiritualism as its principal feature, are steadily gaining ground. More than many are aware, of the solid men of the country, whose energy, integrity, and business capacity are developing the material resources of the State, yield an unreserved assent to these principles. But, like deep water, they are more quiet and unobtrusive than the fanatical, unbalanced, angular ones, by whom the church-people would fain judge of the character of the whole movement. I am satisfied that, were it not for vested pecuniary interests in churches, schools, and professional pursuits, Spiritualism could start on an even race with other religious associations, and would immediately outstrip the whole. While the honest and efficient labors of lecturers of every class of intellect are valuable, the best service is probably done by good test mediums. There is a powerful tendency to utter skepticism in regard to a future life. The writings of the master progressive minds of England, such as Mill, Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, Thomas Buckle, Lyell, and Darwin, lead many of fine intellect to this cheerless goal: If man exists after the dissolution of the body, and has the power of consciousness, memory, and thought, the spirit must be a positive entity, and have organs of thought. The time is approaching when this entity will be thought worthy of a scientific investigation, both as to its existence and its powers.

Means are lavished without stint to investigate the laws operating by physical agents and forces such as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and so forth, for the mere purpose of adding to human knowledge. A Boston man recently deposited \$1,000 with the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, to be given as a prize to the first person who shall demonstrate whether different colors of light and other physical rays go with equal velocities. Governments have established stations of ob-



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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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## The Croakings of the "Religious" Press.

The *California Christian Advocate*, of this city, and the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, of Portland, Oregon, both Methodist organs, have recently uttered a dismal croaking over the proceedings of the National Spiritualist Convention, quoting the speeches of some of its members with great satisfaction, as affording ample justification of all the charges made against Spiritualists, of immorality, etc. Now, although we are in no sense responsible for what individuals professing a belief in Spiritualism may either do or say, any more than the great body of believers are for what we publish, yet we hold ourselves at all times ready to refute whatever is false in these charges, and to defend the action of Spiritualists in those points which are truly stated. The *Advocate* of this city copies from the *Cleveland Herald* the rantings of a disturber of the Convention, one Barnes, who is still a fanatical adherent of the doctrine of the Atonement, and is evidently yet in the chains of old theology, as a sample of the disorder subsisting in the Convention. This is decidedly unfair. If those who are not yet free from the shackles of old superstition choose to enter our Conventions as delegates, on the ground of their acceptance of the main facts of Spiritualism, they should have the decency to "keep silent and let the elders speak." This Barnes, on the contrary, kept up a constant din about the necessity of reliance upon Jesus, saying that, if the Convention did not "recognize Jesus Christ, they were doomed." He grew so boisterous in his style of urging the claims of Jesus, that he was removed from the platform, yelling "in thunder tones, 'Doomed! doomed! doomed! Lost! lost! lost!'" How the *Christian Advocate* can hold Spiritualists responsible for the fanatical conduct of a half-crazed Methodist, as out of place in a Spiritualist Convention as a bull in a china shop, it is hard to perceive. The fact that Barnes claimed to be a Spiritualist is neither excuse nor palliation for his course.

The remarks of the *Cleveland paper* about the garb of some of the ladies attending the Convention, and ridiculing the "long hair" of the men and the "short hair" of the women, are in bad taste, and the *Christian Advocate* does itself no credit by copying them. We can very easily prove that the founders of Methodism, Revs. John and Charles Wesley, were accustomed to wear long hair, but we will not take the trouble to do so. The point is not well taken, as against any man or set of men. It is purely a matter of individual taste and personal choice. People may elect, in a free country, to wear their hair in any manner that pleases themselves best; and the same is true of the style of their garments. The Quakers have worn a peculiar style of dress for upward of two centuries, and no one has ever disputed their right to do so. For their taste they are responsible to no man. It is their own, and they exercise it.

The *Portland Advocate*, Bro. Benson, editor, the man who wants a personal devil to cast the blame of his sins upon, is particularly ferocious against our Convention, and in reference to Spiritualists generally. Bro. Benson quotes the address of W. B. Potter, M. D., published in the *Messenger*, of Cleveland, on the day of the assembling of the Convention. It is evident from the tenor of that address, and from the speeches of Barnes and one or two others, that a few fanatical religionists, ferociously moral, have entered our ranks for the purpose of exhibiting their own excessive morality and goodness, as estimated by themselves, in contrast with the supposed immorality and evil practices of some of the believers in Spiritualism. Now, admitting that these crusaders have discovered that a few of those who accept the truths of Spiritualism are leading immoral lives, what is to be done about it? We have gone into the ranks of the Methodists, and Baptists, and orthodox Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, and discovered the same fact in regard to their members. Does that make the truths, contained in the doctrines of those sects, entire falsities? Is there no truth or merit in the formulas of the Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Methodists, because the Rev. I. H. Kallach, or Rev. Sereno Howe, or Rev. E. M. Fay, or Rev. Joel Lindsey, or Rev. C. M. Wendt, have been found guilty of base conduct toward women and children? What relation has the elimination of scientific or religious truth to the frailties of individuals? Are not the misdeeds of a few the exceptional cases in every community? Is not evil itself exceptional, and goodness the rule? We certainly believe so. Else we should despair for the future generations of the race.

The continual croakings of the religious press over the shortcomings of all who differ from them in opinion, even of their own faith, are provocative of just criticism on the part of the non-sectarian world, and particularly by liberal thinkers. The latter class, though boasting of no especial holiness and morality, may yet be fairly averaged with the rest of mankind. As a general rule, the Pharisees of sectarianism, who take pride in censuring others, are themselves proper subjects for remark in their "daily walk and conversation." Personal morality does not consist wholly in outward manifestations of sanctity, nor in professions of religion. We think that Charity, which "covers a multitude of sins," is a better morality than any we have of late seen exhibited by Bro. Benson or any other so-called Christian editor.

## Hero-Worship in this World and the Next.

The following remarks were made by the Nevada *Transcript* upon communications at a public séance given by Mrs. Foye:

"It is claimed that the spirit which passes out of the world advances; and yet we have seen communications purporting to be from Webster, which, if what they purport is true, prove that the great Expositor has degenerated very much, and in all spiritual communications we have yet to find a single one that ever benefited anybody. If the origin of these manifestations is spiritual, it would seem that the spirits over Jordan are a trifling set, and spend all their time in talking about the things of this world, without giving us either a better religion or good advice. If the spirit land is to be judged by the conversation of its inhabitants, sent through test mediums, it can hardly be much of an improvement on this."

Our estimate of what are called "great men," owing to the general tendency to hero-worship, often very much exaggerates their virtues and abilities; and when they return to communicate with us after death has freed them from every superficial acquirement, they seem to have shrunk from the formidable proportions in which they formerly appeared to us, and we doubt the identity of the spirit communicating. Even as no man is great in the eyes of his valet, so how small should many appear, when divested of every extrinsic or circumstantial attribute which caused a false estimate to be placed upon them by their fellow-men! Death is a leveler in more senses than one. In this life, we view each other as "through a glass, darkly"; but in the next, we shall see "face to face." The most conscientious biographers exalt their heroes far above their real merits. Persons ignorant of the Spiritual Philosophy imagine that a man, who was called a giant in intellect by the hero-worshippers, should be a god after a short residence in the spirit world; whereas, the truth is, that those qualities, which excited the admiration and reverence of his fellows during his stay on earth, may be found perfectly useless and impractical in his new sphere. In other words, the man of greatest celebrity in earthly accomplishments may be compelled, in the spirit world, to "become as a little child," and learn many things neglected while in the body. It is this disposition to exalt those who have distinguished themselves in any direction, that leads men to make gods for themselves out of mere human clay. It worships George Washington with a veneration nearly equal to that accorded to Jesus of Nazareth; and it deifies the latter to a position second only to that of God Himself;—indeed, some go so far as to claim that he was and is God.

Many very small men have been enlarged to very exaggerated dimensions, while, on the other hand, the world has really "known nothing of its greatest men." In the critical analysis which every soul undergoes when freed from external circumstances, the false estimate which has been made of it, even by itself, is dispelled, and it stands for precisely what it is worth in the new life to which it is called. There is every probability that hero-worshippers and god-makers will meet with a surprise in the next world, when they discover the objects of their adoration and adulation to be men like themselves—and many of them inferior men, too. Daniel Webster will be no longer "godlike" to their view. Napoleon will not be "the Great," as he is styled upon the earth. Jesus of Nazareth will appear as the good man he undoubtedly was, but not the "three gods in one" whom the idol-makers have set up for our worship. And so of all the prophets, priests, and kings who have had in turn the veneration of the simple and the ignorant. They will say to us, when we would fall down and worship them, as said the spirit to John in the Isle of Patmos: "See thou do it not, for I am of thy brethren, the prophets. Worship God."

It is the unwarrantable expectation of receiving great things from so-called "great men," that causes so much disappointment to new investigators of Spiritualism. The contrary should be the case. All their worldly greatness does in fact depart from them at the moment of their "shuffling off this mortal coil," and "putting on immortality." People, especially professing Christians, seem to forget that, in the heavenly state, "many that are first shall be last, and the last first." Reason, Scripture, and the Spiritual communications confirm the statements we have made above in regard to the changed estimate of the characters of men, after their access to the higher life. Inasmuch as it is a higher life, so much lower will be their estimate of this one, and of all its works, in comparison with their present exaggerated opinions of them.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.—The friends of the Lyceum are reminded that the tickets for the Festival are now ready, and may be obtained of the officers of the Lyceum on Sunday afternoon at the Hall, or at this office during the week. The price of the tickets has been fixed at \$1. A small charge will be made in addition for refreshments, the proceeds to go to the Library Fund of the Lyceum. Donations of fruit, cakes, candies, meats, presents for the children, or books for the Lyceum, can be sent to the Hall every morning, from 8 to 10 o'clock, or to this office at any hour of the day. Children not members of the Lyceum will be admitted to the Festival at twenty-five cents each. Singing, recitations, and declamation, marching, and other exercises of the Lyceum, will take place at 7 o'clock in the evening; after which Santa Claus will appear and distribute the presents. After a collation for the children, the floor will be cleared for dancing, at about 9 o'clock. A good time generally will be enjoyed by all.

We have received a roughly made toy, consisting of two figures of a white and black man struggling for supremacy. The circular accompanying it states that it is the invention of a San Francisco lady. No lady whose acquaintance we should be proud of could ever invent such a wretched and witless caricature. It bears the car-marks of some scurvy politician. The whole stock of the inventor will soon be made use of as kindling wood. It is the only good use it can be put to.

DR. R. T. HALLOCK, of New York, says: "That profound college-bred scholarship, which knows all about yesterday and nothing at all about to-day, despises and ridicules Spiritualism, while the Church, from Romanism to Unitarianism, fears and hates it."

## The Man Referred To by Wendell Phillips.

Wendell Phillips compared a man, who would argue that Madame de Stael had not brains enough to know how to exercise the right of voting, to a puppy, six inches long, attempting to impress a mammoth Newfoundland dog with his tiny bark. As if to entitle himself to be the subject of such a comparison, a writer in the *California* of last week, in a non-committal, diluted article, attempts to throw ridicule upon Womanhood Suffrage, by connecting it with "Spiritualism, Free-love, and other crazy heresies"; and thinks the very phrase, "Woman's Rights," ought to call into our cheeks the blush of shame, and "has acquired by association a significant little short of contemptible." He says also that "it frequently happens that a great truth is first seen—dimly and distortedly indeed—by the very class who have the most erroneous notions of its worth and its bearings on social problems, and who are least capable of bringing it clearly into the view of others. Their misdirected zeal calls down ridicule, not on themselves alone, but on the real truth, whose skirts they have seized." He thinks action should never be taken until "the calm, dispassionate, and abstruse reasonings of the teachers of ethics" have demonstrated that it may be done with safety. Also, that the idea of the enfranchisement of women is "somehow in accord with a strong but previously unexpressed feeling pervading society." He then goes on to say, that "its open espousal by such men as Chief Justice Chase, Wendell Phillips, Judge Underwood, Senator Wade, Geo. Wm. Curtis, and Henry Ward Beecher, is having its effect."

That is to say, until these great minds advocated it, the cause of woman's enfranchisement was exclusively in the hands of Spiritualists, Free-lovers, and the advocates of Woman's Rights. More honor to these, then, say we. It is only the more creditable to them, that they were the first to discover and bring into notice the wrongs sought to be righted by this reform. Where this writer in the *California* attributes to them "fanaticism," we should credit them with "enthusiasm" and love of truth, which is always a heresy to those who are interested in maintaining the false. In contrast with this cautious and captious writer, and as if characterizing just such an one, hear Wendell Phillips himself: "Literally and soberly, and in measured phrase, I feel the right to say that I never heard an argument against it, from a man, that did not show him unfit to teach anybody anything." This man of the *California* whines out that "it is to be hoped that there may be intelligent action when the time arrives" for it. Yes, indeed; but in order that the action taken may be intelligent, all such critics as the writer in the *California* must be excluded from participation in it.

"WATCH AND PREY."—The house of Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, of this city, was robbed of a gold watch and a sum of money on a recent Sunday night. We wonder how much could have been realized by burglars or pickpockets who should have attempted to rob the houses of the disciples, where tarried Jesus of Nazareth! The latter said, "Watch and pray"; but his pretended follower keeps a gold watch which becomes a prey. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (Matt. vi. 19-21.)

ELDER MILES GRANT, the author of the pamphlet called "Spiritualism Unmasked," (which the Rev. Mr. Crisis of this city republished, with the expectation of becoming a millionaire by its sale,) has come out against secret societies, and particularly against any secret society of Spiritualists. He sees infinite danger to the "cause of Christ" in this new movement. If the "cause of Christ" has not inherent strength enough to prevail against every other power, there must be something wrong about it. We think that Spiritualism can take its own chances, whether its organizations be secret or open. If the "cause of Christ," as represented by its advocates, be not the cause of Truth, it cannot prevail.

CORA WILBURN writes to her friends in California, that she will furnish directions as to the proper gems to be worn by different persons, and a description in verse of the significance of each gem, for fifty cents and one dollar each. Persons sending for directions must state the month of their nativity. It will be remembered that she discovered, a short time ago, that gems exert a magnetic influence upon the individual wearing them. If the description be short, the charge made will be only fifty cents. Greenbacks may be inclosed, with all applications, to her address, which is Rockland, Maine. The beautiful poem on the first page is from her pen.

NEW PAPER AT OLYMPIA, W. T.—J. N. Gale and E. T. Gunn are about to start a new weekly paper at Olympia—one, it is to be hoped, that shall be decent enough to supplant the blackguard sheet that now disgraces that locality, the *Standard*. The character of the two gentlemen who will conduct the new enterprise is a guaranty that this will be done.

COL. N. W. DANIELS, husband of Cora L. V. Scott, formerly Cora Hatch, departed this life at Jefferson City, La., on the 2d of October last; his disease was yellow fever. He was a man of liberal education, and an avowed and firm Spiritualist and humanitarian. The sympathy of the great number of friends of both will be extended to Cora and their beautiful child.

THE Methodists of Austin have formed a Bible Society and established a Bible Depository. A lawyer is President of the Society. Law and Divinity are twin humbugs, and it is fit they should be united in the distribution of their textbook.

WINE FROM THE FOOTHILLS.—E. B. Hendee has made some of the finest table wine from grapes grown in his vineyard at Oroville, and its flavor and purity will compare favorably with any wine made in the State.

## Mrs. Gordon's Lectures in Virginia City.

From the following notice, taken from the columns of the *Enterprise*, it would seem that one clerical dance has been cornered, and is likely to have a fool's-cap placed upon his head by this lady:

SPIRITISM AND SPIRITUALITY.—A little the liveliest, and in some respects about as queer a meeting as we have seen lately, was held at the Court-house last evening. The hall was crowded with a densely packed mass of humanity, extending out into the entry and stairway. At the opening of the lecture, Mrs. Gordon as usual asked for a subject to be given her by the audience. Rev. Jas. E. Wickes responded. He had come prepared with a formidable list of points for her to dwell upon, which he read, and after some time occupied in preliminary skirmishing, the whole was simmered down to the relative merits of modern Spiritualism as compared with the theology commonly taught in the Christian churches. This was the subject finally agreed upon by Mr. Wickes, and the lady proceeded to lecture upon it in a most logical and eloquent manner for an hour and a quarter. At the conclusion, Mr. Wickes arose and made some remarks in reply, waxed warm on the subject—so much so that he made some observations of a rather distasteful character to many in the audience, and he was called to order. He afterwards modified and explained his remarks. There was a considerable amount of animosity between them for a discussion on the Bible this evening at the M. E. church. The last we saw of Mr. Wickes, a strong-minded lady had him cornered, and was taking him to task for calling her a "free-lover."

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN STOCKTON.—The *Stockton Journal*, in reference to certain occurrences that recently took place in that city, and which were rather darkly recapitulated by the *Bulletin* about a week ago, remarks as follows:

For reasons best known to themselves, the parties more immediately interested in the affair endeavored to keep it among themselves, and how the *Bulletin* could have obtained its information is to us as much of a mystery as the occurrences alluded to. For ourselves, we do not claim to have any opinion on the subject of Spiritualism, but that interference of an ultra-mundane character—or at least, that cannot be explained away by ridicule, or produced by the operation of any law with which we are acquainted—have taken place in this city within the last few weeks is an indisputable fact. We have neither the time nor the disposition to state the precise nature of those interferences now. Suffice it to say that some of the statements which are in circulation have been greatly exaggerated, while there is a great deal yet to be told.

We were rather indisposed to credit anything appearing in the *Bulletin*, respecting spirit manifestations in any quarter, as that paper is very poor authority for events of that nature; but if we find anything definite hereafter in the *Stockton* papers, regarding the asserted manifestations in that city, we shall endeavor to trace out the origin of the stories in circulation about them, and report all the facts of the case.

A FRIEND at Olympia, W. T., writes, that there is a great demand at that point for a good test medium, to afford indubitable proof to skeptics of the truth of Spiritualism. He speaks of the opponents of Spiritualism as having abated their fury considerably. We condense his remarks on this fact:

"The *furor* which a few agonizing souls tried so hard to arouse has quietly winding down to a state of four firesides. We now seldom hear any exclamation against Spiritualists. However, Bro. Sloan, of Stock, recently, preached here last Sunday, and he made especial personal mention to the Lord of all his ministerial brethren; told the Lord where each one lived, and asked the Lord to go and see each one, and bless him; and won't you say, praying that 'the town of Olympia might become as famous for Christianity as it had for modern Spiritualism.' Now, do you any longer doubt that the old institution is tottering? One good Methodist sister said, a few days ago, that if one or two more such women as Mrs. Stowe came here to lecture, it would break up the church." We are talking of organizing a sort of financial society, and also a conference, in which all, both male and female, Jew and Greek, Christian and Infidel, will have perfect freedom of speech—because "the illumination of Thought is the beginning of Wisdom."

The good people of Stockton have been greatly won over on account of the private and public séances in the Spanish quarter. It was called "Jesus street." The name has lately been changed by city ordinance.—*Exchange*.

A profane name! Christians are accustomed to call it a sacred name. At any rate, we don't see what harm the name could possibly do to a street or to the citizens of Stockton. The Spanish are Catholics, and have quite as much reverence for Jesus as have the Protestant sects. It is very common among the Spanish people to name children, streets, towns, and public buildings in honor of saints, and of Jesus of Nazareth. The "good" people of Stockton, we fear, have "strained at a" street, but could easily "swallow a camel."

RITUALISM IN NEW YORK.—It is stated in New York papers that copies of the ritual monographs of the bishops of the Episcopal church against ritualism were distributed in St. Albans chapel, New York, recently, where ritualism flourishes in all its glory, and the distributor was obliged to make his escape in haste. St. Albans is celebrating Lent with extraordinary pomp and circumstance, in order to show the defiance of the bishops' crucifixes, burning candles, processions of clergy and choristers, frequent crossings, bowings, and genuflections, are indulged in.

If one could step from St. Albans chapel into a Buddhist temple in India, the similarity of the ceremonies in the latter to the above recounted ritualistic show in a Christian church would startle those who send missionaries to "the heathen."

PEOPLE seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—*Exchange*.

On the contrary, people improve the fastest when they try to develop their own powers in their own way, and eschew imitation of anybody. Setting up models to copy after, in the matter of one's own development, has the most pernicious and stultifying effect. Be original, even if you can do no more than black boots in a way peculiar to yourself. Who is good and great enough to be a model in everything for everybody?

A "RITUALIST" MARRIAGE lately took place in a London church. The ceremony occupied three hours.—*Exchange*.

A good way to teach the wedded pair the virtue of patience! We should think the oil in the lamps of even "wise virgins" would be burned out in that time.

PROTRACTED MEETING.—The Roseburg (Oregon) *Enterprise* says there has been a series of protracted meetings in the Methodist Church there for the past two weeks, in which great interest was manifested. More interest than principle, we dare believe.

REV. ROWLAND CONNOR, an Universalist, who was lately dismissed from School street church, Boston, on account of attending a Liberal Convention, has avowed himself a Spiritualist.

servation in various parts of the earth, to ascertain the law of the variation of the magnetic needle. These investigations, conducted on a liberal scale, have been rewarded by bringing to light many principles and laws—practical as well as scientific value.

If, as Alexander Pope wrote two hundred years ago, "the proper study of mankind is man," how sadly is this greatest field neglected! The world is in need of more light upon the character of the human spirit. If funds could be liberally provided, and judiciously applied, to establish several *Investigatories*, where the best mediumistic talent could be liberally sustained, so that their entire efforts could be devoted to general principles, without catering to individual caprice and curiosity, results might be reached in ten years that would startle the externally scientific world from its conservative propriety. The world has nothing to expect from Churchianity in this respect; for its foundation principle is, that an ancient book contains a complete and final revelation of God's character and will, religious doctrine, and the nature and destiny of the human soul. True to this principle, the Church has ever opposed experimental investigation of that highest entity, the human spirit. While the priesthood have blocked the car of progress, they have excelled in applying practical means to the external conditions of society. Perhaps progressionists might profitably take a hint from the Church in this direction.

JOHN ALLYN.

## Letter from Oakland.

EDITORS BANNER:—What Brooklyn is to New York, Oakland is to San Francisco. True, it is a little more distant, but it is getting nearer every day, and has greatly the advantage in climate; not a few of consumptive tendency, who cannot abide the summer winds of your city, enjoy health here.

Real estate is on the rampage. In many localities lots have more than doubled in value within the past year, and there are few localities where the advance is less than fifty per cent.; and still there are no indications of weakening, although, at the commencement of the rainy season, building and building lots are usually dull. Real estate agents abound, from the high-toned lawyer who practices in the Supreme Court, to the curb-stone and button-hole operator. And still there is room for further advance; what is four or five hundred dollars for a residence lot, or twenty-five hundred dollars for a business lot, where the holder is secure from indefinite assessments for grading hills or filling hollows? Governor Haight said in the Chamber of Commerce, that in twenty years we should have a population of one hundred and twenty thousand; leading men on this side say it will reach that figure in half that time. Business houses of nearly every description have increased in about the same proportion as real estate. The churches, of course, have been strengthened. And such is the influence of the abounding churches, schools, colleges, and the great number of resident preachers and professors, that even a free Unitarian church, that very respectable half-way house from the moribund theology of past generations to the religion of rational Spiritualism, cannot be sustained here. But no matter; the universal law of progress is rapidly changing the views of church-going people, and it is a significant fact that the more practical common sense is preached, and the less of doctrinal theology, the more popular is the preacher. I will not say, as a member of the Common Council of Saint Louis did, in a discussion of the Sunday question, that "Christianity is played out," for religion is chameleon-like, and changes its color to suit the locality it happens to be in; but I do say, that the theology of Christianity—the whole "body of divinity," as taught in theological schools fifty years ago—is rapidly "going by the board." It is doubtful whether it is requisite for Liberalists to show up its absurdity. People are rapidly coming to see that religious truth, like scientific truth, must be found by interrogating the realm of Nature, and not in authoritative books of ancient tradition. And while the iconoclast is dealing herculean blows upon a vanishing and dying theology, some unsolved questions, or questions not hitherto satisfactorily disposed of, clamor for solution. "What shall I do to be saved?" must be answered by each individual. Not saved from a burning hell after death. The intelligent have decided that that institution, once so important, afforded a poor means of saving the major portion of humanity; in fact, they have abolished it altogether. But "How shall I be saved from ignorance, the craving of unsatisfied susceptibilities, from disease, from physical or mental weakness, from discontent, from over-work, from lack of employment, or any of the ills that afflict humanity?" Your phreno-physiologist will say, "Nothing is easier; develop your physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual powers harmoniously, and to the fullest practicable extent." This is well said; but it should be remembered that, in the present condition of society, most people are like a man on a treadmill: if they cease to continue their weary motions, the ponderous machinery of society will crush them. True, the temperament can be perceptibly changed or modified in a few months by a change of habits and conditions; but how few have the time, conditions, and opportunity at command to do this!—though lymph is preventing mentality, or a too nervous temperament is causing mentality to eat up vitality, or prematurely weaken and destroy the physique. And as the country grows older and population more dense, these conditions are becoming more tyrannical. How shall they be changed for the better?

But, in this city of churches, where the atmosphere is said to be almost blue, and decidedly unfavorable to Spiritualism, a liberal-hearted as well as headed gentleman has provided a small hall, and tendered it to Spiritualists for lectures or conferences.

The Odd Fellows have recently established a reading-room and library of about three hundred volumes, and means are now in progress to increase it with a good assortment of modern books, representing the most progressed thought of the times.

PROGRESS.

In a recent Sunday evening sermon, Rev. H. W. Beecher justified his contribution of "Norwood" to the New York *Ledger*, by the assumption that the parables in the New Testament were "novel-ettes."







